









# THE HIGH SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

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DEPARTMENT EDITOR—ANNIE E. THACHER.

## The Parting of Hector and Andromache.

From the Greek.

When, going through the great city, he came to the  
Scaean portals,  
Where in his haste he intended to rush forth into the  
battle,  
Then came running to meet him his wife Andromache  
lovely,  
She who was generous minded Eetion's noble daugh-  
ter.  
Straightway she met with him there, a maiden at-  
tendant upon her,  
Bringing the light-hearted child, who still was a  
helpless infant,  
Hector's much beloved son, and bright as the beaming  
day-star,  
Him Hector called from the river, Scamandrus, but  
all of the others  
Named him Astyanax,—Hector was Troy's sole pro-  
tector.  
Gently the father smiled on beholding his boy loved  
so dearly,  
Weeping Andromache came and stood there beside  
her fond husband.  
Grasping his hand she bespake him and thus with  
sorrow addressed him:  
"Dear one, thy courage destroys thee, and nothing  
hast thou of pity,  
Neither for him, thy helpless child, nor for me un-  
lucky,  
Sorrowing soon in thy death, since the Greeks will  
certainly slay thee,  
Better by far would it be for me to perish without thee.

Thou art my only joy, none other will ever be for me'  
Grief alone shall I find, and I have neither father nor  
mother;  
No brothers have I to share my sorrow, though once  
I had seven.  
God-like Achilles in only one day most cruelly killed  
all,  
Every one of my household, when Thebe, our city, he  
plundered.  
Hector, since thou art my all in all, my father and  
mother,  
Brother and sister, and also my promising, virtuous  
husband,  
Dear one, take pity, O stay, I beseech thee, here at  
the tower:  
Thou canst not orphan thy child, nor make thy be-  
loved a widow.  
Near the wild fig-tree station the army where the  
city is  
Easily reached, and the wall most especially weak,  
for already  
Thrice have the noblest among the Achaens come  
there and tried it."  
Hector the mighty, the waving plumed hero, quickly  
made answer:  
"Care do I have about those things as well, my dear  
wife, and yet truly  
Shame would I feel in the sight of the Trojan war-  
riors and women  
Cowardly thus to shrink from the battle, and neither  
my spirit



Urges me so, nor my heart, for always I learned to be noble,  
 Fighting first in the ranks of the Trojans,—ever I've done this.  
 Certain I am in my mind and my heart of the fate that is coming:  
 Thou, sacred Troy, must perish, thy king and thine ashen-speared soldiers.  
 Not such grief shall I feel for the sake of the Trojan army,  
 Neither for Hecuba even, nor Priam, the king, nor my brothers,  
 Such as I shall for my wife, when one of the bronze-clad Achaens  
 Leadeth her weeping away, forbidding a day of her freedom.  
 Dwelling in Argos there thou wouldst ply the loom for another;  
 Weeping, but forced by compulsion, I see thee bring water, unwilling.  
 Many a one will revile thee, seeing the tears on thy eyelids,  
 Saying most scornfully, 'She is the wife of the noble knight Hector.'  
 Then will a new grief rise in thy breast at the lack of thy husband.  
 May I be dead in the ground ere I hear of thy cries and thy capture."  
 Glorious Hector thus speaking stretched out his arms for the infant;  
 Crying the child drew back to the breast of the well-robed nurse-maid,  
 Scared at the sight of his father, afraid of the crest on his helmet,  
 Seeing it nodding above from the tops of the bright gleaming head-piece.  
 Then laughed aloud in their joy the dear-loving father and mother.

Valiant Hector then took from his head the terrible armor;  
 Placing it, shining, below on the ground he received his dear baby,  
 Kissed him and tossed him about in his arms and to Zeus he spoke, praying:  
 "Zeus, and ye other immortals, may this my dear son be mighty,  
 Chief, like myself, of the Trojans, and Ilium's far-renowned ruler.  
 Grant that many a one may call him braver than Hector,  
 Coming away from the contest, with spoils from his country's opponents.  
 May he be often a joy to his mother. Accept this, my prayer."  
 Speaking he placed the dear child in the arms of the loving mother:  
 Smiling in spite of her tears she received him with joy to her bosom.  
 Seeing this Hector had mercy, and spoke to his wife, and caressed her:  
 "Dear one, for my sake grieve not in thy heart overmuch; for be certain  
 No man will send me before my appointed time to dark Hades;  
 Evil and good fates alike are allotted to mortals beforehand.  
 Bend thy steps homeward and be of good courage; give work to thy maidens,  
 Care for thy duties. The army of Troy will see to the battle."  
 Speaking thus glorious Hector put back on his head the bright helmet.  
 Slowly his wife went homeward, with many a tear on her eyelids,  
 Gazing back often with sorrow upon her handsome young husband.

ISABELLE STONE, '01.

### The Siege of Paris.

From the French.

We were walking up the avenue of Champs-Elysees with the Dr. V—, asking from the walls perforated by shell and the paths ploughed up by shot, the story of besieged Paris. When just before reaching the square Etoile, the doctor stopped, and showing me on the corner one of the large houses so pompously grouped about the Arch of Triumph, "You see," he said to me, "these four closed windows above on he balcony? In the first days of the month

of August, the terrible month of August of the year seventy, of such great outrages and disaster, I was called there for a case of fatal apoplexy. It was at the house of Colonel Jouve, a cuirassier of the first Empire, an old man infatuated with glory and patriotism, who since the end of the war had come to lodge at Champs-Elysees, in an apartment in the balcony. Do you wonder why? To assist at the triumphal return of our troops. Poor old man! The news

Archives



from Weissenburg came to him as he was leaving the table. On reading the name of Napoleon at the bottom of the report of defeat, he fell crushed.

"I found the old cuirassier stretched at full length upon the carpet of his room, his face bloody and inert, as if he had received a heavy blow on the head. Standing, he appeared to be very tall; lying down he had an immense appearance. Fine features, excellent teeth, a mass of white, curly hair, eighty years old and seeming sixty.

"Near him, on her knees, was his granddaughter, weeping. She looked like him. To see them side by side, they would resemble two fine Greek medals marked by the same stamp, only one old, dull, with features a little marred, the other beautiful and pure, in all the brightness and softness of the new impression.

"The grief of the child touched me. Daughter and grand-daughter of a soldier, her father was in the staff of MacMahon, the image of this tall old man lying before her brought to her mind another picture not less terrible. I comforted her the best I could; but in reality, I held little hope. We had to do with a case of heimpelegy, pure and simple, and, at eighty-four years, it is scarcely ever cured. During three days, in truth, the sick man remained in the same motionless condition of stupor. Meanwhile the news from Reichsoffen came to Paris. You recall in what a strange manner? Towards evening we all believed in a great victory, twenty thousand Prussians killed, the crown prince a prisoner. I do not know by what miracle, by what magnetic current, an echo of this national joy sought out our poor deaf mute as far as the paralysis of his limbs; it is however true that on that evening on approaching his bed, I did not find the same man. His eye was almost clear, his tongue less heavy. He had the strength to smile at me and stammered twice, 'Victory!' 'Yes, colonel, great victory!' And as I gave him the details of the great success of MacMahon, I saw his features relax and his face lighten up. When I left, the young girl was waiting for me, standing pale before the door. She was weep-

ing. 'But he is saved!' I said to her, taking her hands. The unhappy child had scarcely the courage to answer me. The true news of Reichsoffen had just been posted, MacMahon in flight, the whole army defeated. We looked at each other dismayed. She grieved, thinking of her father, I trembled, thinking of the old man. Surely he could not resist this new shock. And meanwhile what to do? To leave him to his happiness, the illusions which had made him come to life again?

"But then it was necessary to lie.

"Ah, well, I will lie!' said the brave girl, wiping away her tears, and smiling, she returned to her grandfather's room.

"This was a hard task which she had undertaken. The first days they got along very well. The good man was very weak and allowed himself to be deceived like a child. But with his health his thoughts became clearer. It was necessary to keep him posted on the action of the armies, to write out for him the military reports. It was really pitiful to see this dear child bending night and day over her map of Germany, sticking in the little pins, trying to combine a whole glorious campaign. Bazine over Berlin, Frossard in Bavaria, MacMahon on the Baltic. For all this she asked my advice, and I helped her as much as I could, but it was the grandfather especially who aided us in this imaginary invasion. He had conquered Germany under the first Empire. He knew all the strokes beforehand: 'Now there is where they are going. Here is what they are going to do.' And his conjectures were always realized, which did not fail to render him very proud. We took villages and gained battles all in vain, we never went quick enough for him. He was insatiable, this old man. Each day, on arriving, I would learn a new feat of arms. 'Doctor, we have taken Mayence,' the young girl said to me on coming before me with a sad smile, and I heard through the door a happy voice, which cried to me:

"'Things are moving! In eight days we shall enter Berlin.' At that time the Prussians were only eight days from Paris. We wondered at first if it would not be



better to carry him to the country; but, as soon as he should be outside, the state of France would be made known to him, and I found him still too feeble, too benumbed by the great shock to leave him to learn the truth. It was decided to remain.

The first day of the investment I went to their home, I remember, very much disturbed, with that anguish at heart which all the closed doors of Paris, the battle under our walls, our suburbs become frontiers, caused us. I found the good man jubilant and proud: 'Ah, well,' he said to me, 'the siege is now begun!' I looked at him astonished. 'What, colonel, do you know?' His granddaughter turned towards me. 'Yes, doctor; it is the great news. The siege of Berlin is begun.'

She said this while drawing her needle, with such a quiet, little air. How could he have suspected anything? The cannon at the forts he could not hear. This unfortunate Paris, ill-omened and upturned, he could not see. What he saw from his bed was a part of the Arch of Triumph, and in his room all about him, all the bric-a-brac of the first Empire did well to keep up his illusion. From this day our military plans happened to be very simple. To take Berlin was only a matter of patience. From time to time, when the old man became too tired, they read a letter to him from his son, an imaginary letter, of course, since nothing came to Paris any more, and as from Sedan, the aid-de-camp of MacMahon had been sent to a German fortress. Can you imagine the despair of this poor child, without news of her father, knowing him a prisoner, deprived of everything, perhaps ill, and obliged to make him speak in those pleasant letters, a little short, such as might have been written by a soldier on the field, always going forward to a conquered country? Sometimes she lacked the strength; there remained weeks without news. But the old man worried and slept no more. Then a letter would arrive quickly from Germany, which she would read to him gaily by his bed, while keeping back her tears. The colonel listened attentively, smiled with a knowing air, approved, criticised, explained to us the pas-

sages a little disordered. But when he was especially gay, it was the replies that he sent to his son: 'Never forget that you are a Frenchman,' he said. 'Be generous to the poor people. Do not make their invasion too heavy.' They were the endless requests, a charming sermonizing in respect to the proprieties, the politeness which is due to ladies, a true code of military honor for the use of the conquerors. There were added some general remarks on politics, the conditions of peace to impose on the vanquished. Above all, I ought to say, he was not exacting:

"The indemnity of war and nothing more. Of what use to take their provinces? What can France do with Germany?"

He dictated with a firm voice, and one felt so much candor in his words, so fine a patriotic faith, that it was impossible not to be moved by listening to him.

"During this time the siege was steadily progressing. Not that of Berlin, alas! It was the time of great cold, of bombardment, of epidemics and of famine. But thanks to our attention, to our efforts, and the untiring tenderness ever increased about him, the serenity of the old man was not a moment disturbed. Up to that time I was able to have white bread and fresh meat for him. It was only for him, you may well believe. You cannot imagine anything more touching than the breakfasts of this grandfather, so innocently selfish. The old man on his bed, bright and smiling, napkin at his chin, near him his granddaughter, a little pale from privations, guiding his hands, giving him drink, and helping him to eat all the forbidden good things. Then, refreshed by the repast, in the comfort of his warm room, the winter wind outside, the snow which beat up against his windows, the old cuirassier recalled all the campaigns in the North, and repeated to us for the hundredth time the unlucky retreat from Russia, when they had only some frozen biscuit and horse-flesh to eat. 'Do you realize this, dear? We ate from a horse!'

I well believe she understood him. For two months she had eaten nothing else.



From day to day, meanwhile, in proportion as the convalescence was increasing, our task about the invalid became more difficult. This numbness of all his senses, of all his limbs, which we had taken such good care of until then, began to pass away. Two or three times already, the terrible volleys from Maillot had made him leap, his ear erect as a hound; we were obliged to invent a last victory of Bazaine in Berlin, and the salutes fired in its honor at the Hotel des Invalides. Another day, when someone placed his bed near the window—it was, I believe, the Thursday of Buzenval—he saw very well the national guards forming on the avenue of the Grand-Armee.

“‘Why is it that the troops are there now?’ asked the good man, and we heard him mutter between his teeth: ‘Bad form! bad form!’”

“This was undoubtedly true; but we understood that for the future it was necessary to take great precaution. Unfortunately someone did not take enough. One evening when I arrived, the child came to me very much disturbed: ‘It is tomorrow that they enter,’ she said to me.

“‘Was her grandfather’s room open? The fact is, that since on the thinking of it, I remember that he had that evening a peculiar expression. It is probable that he heard us. Only we spoke of the Prussians; and the good man thought of the French, and that triumphal entry which he had waited for so long. MacMahon marching down the avenue in flowers and in the flourish of triumph; his son at the side of the marshal, and he, the old man, upon the balcony, in full dress as at Lutzen, saluting the flags full of holes and the black eagles of powder.

“Poor Father Jouve! he had imagined, without doubt, that they wished to hinder him from assisting at the marching past of our troops in order to avoid too great emotion. And so he took good care not to speak to anyone; but the next day, at the same hour when the Prussian battalions were entering timidly upon the long road to Maillot at the Tuilleries, the window above was gently opened and the colonel appeared on the balcony, with his helmet, his great broad sword and all his aged, worn-out uniform of the old cuirassier of Milhaud. I wondered still what effort of will, what new lease of life, had placed him on his feet so dressed. This much was sure, that he was there, standing behind the balustrade, astonished to find the avenues so broad, so quiet, the venetian shutters of the houses closed, Paris solemn as a great lazaret-house, everywhere flags, but so odd, all white with red crosses, and no one to go before our soldiers.

“One moment he thought himself mistaken.

“But no! below, behind the Arch of Triumph, it was a confused murmur, a black line which was approaching with rising day. Then little by little the tops of the helmets shone, the small drums of Iena began to beat, and under the Arch de l’Etoile, kept time by the heavy steps of the sections, by the clash of sabres, burst forth the triumphal march of Schulbert.

“Then, in the mournful silence of the place, they heard a cry, a terrible cry: ‘To arms! the Prussians!’ And the four uhlans of the advance ward could see above, on the balcony, an old man totter while moving his arms, and fall stiff. That time Colonel Jouve was surely dead.”

JOSEPHINE B. WILLETT, '01.





# Literary

DEPARTMENT EDITOR—WINIFRED THORPE, '01.

## How I Came by My Fortune.

I had a good position in a small business house in Boston, but it did not suit me. I had a family and it was a struggle to get along on my small salary. One morning a letter was on my desk when I went to my office. It contained a notice from one of my friends in New York, saying that there was a small farm in New Jersey, containing about four acres, to be sold for a hundred and fifty dollars. He went on to say that no one would live there. Formerly it had belonged to an old man who had become very rich within a few years after settling there, and all seemed well until his wife disappeared. The neighbors said that often strange noises were heard there, and very soon he died.

Nothing was known of the old man, except that he had plenty of money, and people thought he had concealed a large treasure in the house, but no one knew where. His will simply said to sell the house for money enough to pay the burial expenses. The first family bought, and moved in, a year after the death of the old man. They paid a high price for the place and thought they had a bargain, but the house was empty in two months. The reason for leaving, they said, was that

strange noises were heard in the night. The next family did not stay as long as the first, and the house had been empty now for almost two years.

I thought the matter over and decided to consult a well-known fortune teller and palmist, as I was in the habit of doing when I needed advice. The next morning found me at the palmist's. He said all the other people had been scared away by some natural noises, he thought, and said I would be successful if I bought the place. He seemed to know all about the treasure, and said if I would buy the place, and found the treasure as he directed he was to have five hundred dollars. I agreed to this, and he went on to say: "In the northeast corner of the farm is a small pine grove; in the middle of the grove is a clump of bushes. Dig in the thickest part of this clump until you come to a marble slab. On this slab a cross is cut, and under the cross is the treasure."

I decided to go and see the place at once, and if I liked, buy it. I sent word to my wife that I was going away on business, and took the noon train for New York. First I had to go to the executor who had charge of the property. The



only condition of the sale was that the buyer had to stay in the house every night for a year. In the afternoon I went to see the house. It was a large, old-fashioned one, surrounded by large trees, which made a dome over it.

I was so fascinated with the place that I decided to take it. I went back to New York, and in an hour's time of my arrival I was on my way back with the deed of it in my pocket. A telephone message told my wife to pack immediately and come on, as I had bought a home.

Next morning I went back to my new home. The village store furnished me with a pickaxe and shovel and I started for the grove. It was just as the palmist had said. Way in the northeast corner was the grove, the bushes in the middle of it. I selected the thickest part and set to work. I had dug for almost an hour when my shovel struck something hard. I worked harder: very soon the slab came into view, and sure enough the cross marked the middle of it. With trembling fingers I raised the slab. A metal box of sheet iron, about as big as a trunk, was brought to

view. A key on top gave access to it. I opened it, and to my amazement and gratification it was full to the top with money of all kinds. Big Spanish doubloons, Mexican dollars, French, English, German, American and all kinds of coins. Also a large number of checks, bank notes, deeds, bonds and stocks. Taking a few hundred dollars, I buried my treasure and went to the house to examine what I had taken. It all seemed good. I went to the store and made numerous purchases to try and see if it was legal, also to send a money order to my friend, the palmist.

The next day my family arrived, and we were soon installed in our new home. The very first night I heard strange sounds like the crying of a baby and the howling of a dog. The following day the wind was very high and I went out to see if I could find a natural cause for the noises. I soon found what it was. The branches of the trees touched each other in such a way as to make the noises. I had the overhanging limbs cut down and the noises ceased. And, as all fairy tales end, I lived happily ever after.

PHILIP B. WALKER, '03.

### Napoleon, Commander-in-Chief of the Italian Army.

Perhaps there is no point in history more disputed, and justly so, than that of the personal character of Napoleon. This is partly due to the extreme opinions shown to us by so-called impartial historians, — opinions which are claimed to be founded on the strictest facts, yet which differ so widely from one another that we cannot but feel that each historian has colored his narrative by his personal prejudices. The same incident has been presented in order to render plausible sentiments widely diverse, and even the acknowledged facts have been so distorted that it is difficult to recognize them.

But, although this is in some respect owing to historians, it is without doubt due in greater measure to Napoleon himself;

to the contradictions of his character. There never was a man who could be more gentle, and probably never one capable of selfishness and cruelty so terrible. Why can it not be true that Napoleon had two sides to his character? The most ardent panegyrist of the Duke of Wellington cannot affirm that his character was all goodness, all justice. John Abbott characterizes his invasion of Egypt as a "tour of thieving, devastation and atrocious crimes." This is not true, neither is it believed. Why should the worst accounts always be credited regarding Napoleon? Why do some of his parodists call him "an unequaled example of egotism, coarseness and greed?"

Napoleon was probably as ambitious a man as ever lived. He was selfish, he was



certainly no model of humility, and had very little respect for law or order. Even Abbott admits that he cared nothing for either his soldiers or officers, except as instrumental towards his aggrandizement and that of France—all of which goes to prove him hypocritical, as he repeatedly professed the warmest regard for "his children."

Bonaparte's greatest diplomatic successes, his most brilliant victories, even his greatest universal popularity, came when he was commander of the army of Italy. That was before the time when he wearied the French people by his incessant demands for money and troops, when he recklessly urged forward his forces against their foes, regarding neither their sufferings or fatigue.

As the head of this wonderful army, when but twenty-six years of age, Bonaparte, in less than a year, overcame four splendid Austrian armies, each more than eighty thousand strong. The Austrian generals were slow to learn, and they repeatedly divided their armies, enabling Napoleon, by his famous forced marches, to conquer first one division and then another, each time with a superior force. The Austrian general would send one-third of his army around the Alps by a wide detour, so as to fall upon Bonaparte's rear. He himself would lead the main force over the mountains,—then giving the command of one half to the general, would order him to descend the Cisalpine valley on one side of Lago Garda, to attack the left front of the French army. Meanwhile, he himself would lead the remainder, to attack the right front, along the other side of the lake. But Napoleon, having stationed himself near Mantua, at an equal distance from each division, sent scouts to ascertain the exact position of the advancing armies, and as soon as they had approached within a reasonable distance, hurled his scanty troops, by marches of thirty miles a day, upon one of these forces. After routing that, allowing his exhausted army but an hour's repose, he rounded the lake, and attacked the other force as it emerged from the valley. The third division was then

easily overcome. Three times did the Austrian general thus divide his army, and three times a mere handful of men escaped to tell the story.

Even at this time Napoleon's enemies at home were numerous. The Directors of the Republic were jealous of his rising power and fame, and fearful of the consequences to their positions. Napoleon despised them and their commands,—against orders, he concluded the war, proposed a treaty in no wise advantageous to France, advanced to Milan and overthrew Venice. He foresaw results more clearly than they, and with wonderful perspicuity, desisted from pursuing the overwhelming advantage he had gained over Austria. If Napoleon had used at Moscow the same foresight that he employed at Mantua, history might have been greatly altered.

One or two incidents will serve in a measure to show the difference in Napoleon after years of power. When in Italy, during one of his battles, a young soldier approached the Commander and set before him a plan he had made, which would, he was confident, secure the victory. "You rogue," laughed Napoleon, "You have stolen my own idea." The plan was tried, proved successful, and the young soldier became one of the General's aides-de-camp. At Eylau the same thing was attempted by an officer. "Sir," replied Napoleon, coldly, "You may retire and wait until you have commanded in thirty pitched battles before you attempt to advise your Emperor."

When in Venice and when in Egypt, the French soldiers were kept under strict discipline. No plundering was allowed, and few outrages were committed. In Germany, after the battles of Jena, Austerlitz and Eylau, the French army pursued their defeated foes for days, cutting them down and trampling them under foot, burning whole villages as they passed through them, and bringing ruin and desolation to a whole country,—and this was by the orders of the Emperor. What a vast difference between the General of 1796 and the Emperor of 1804.

MABELLE W. CLARKE, '01.



### The Queen's Jubilee.

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Across the sea, a few years ago, a woman received the blessings of the people of the world. The flags of all nations floated over her land, and the "Star Spangled Banner" waved side by side with the colors of Great Britain. "God Save the Queen" was chanted from the throats of millions in England, and the same was wafted back from the shores of America.

The Diamond Jubilee of Victoria opened the way, and the Peace Jubilee of America sealed the bond of fellowship and goodwill. There was much in these two jubilees that showed the kindred spirit of the people of America and England—they were loyal to their President and to their Queen, for all remember the enthusiasm with which McKinley was greeted in the streets of Chicago, and how a little more than a year before Victoria was moved to tears by the expression of love of her people in the streets of London.

As we glance now at the incidents of that Diamond Jubilee, which are brought back to us by our own Jubilee of Peace, we cannot but note the personal loyalty and love, which, more than anything else, has made England a great nation. On that day, when the royalty of the nations of the earth awaited the bidding of the Queen of England, Victoria paused, and sent this message: "From my heart, I thank my beloved people. May God bless them." This message was sent to all parts of the earth. As the parade passed along, eagerly the people scanned each detachment in the long procession in their search for Victoria. Then came the distant boom of the royal salute of sixty guns, and they knew the Queen had left the palace. The appearance of the Queen in the royal coach, was the signal for great outbursts of enthusiasm. At every step of the royal procession youth and age joined in the expression of love and reverence.

The first stop of Victoria was made at Temple Bar, the entrance to the city. Here the ancient custom of admitting Her Majesty into the boundaries of the city

was performed by the Lord Mayor. When the Queen's carriage halted, he stepped forward, welcomed her in the name of the city of London, and presented to her a pearl sword. Then the Queen passed on. One very impressive part of the ceremonies was the solemn service of thanksgiving before the great entrance of St. Paul's Cathedral. The Royal carriage drew up in front of the broad stone steps, the people cheered, and the band played. The Archbishop of Canterbury stood on the steps and conducted the services which were very brief. When the benediction had been pronounced, the great crowds of people all about the Cathedral joined in singing "Old Hundred." Then, with a common impulse, millions of people burst out as of one voice, "God save the Queen." The Archbishop called for three cheers, and as they rang out, and were echoed back from the walls of the old cathedral, Queen Victoria's eyes were filled with tears. Then the procession passed over the great bridge to the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Southwark, where another stop was made, that the Queen might receive the addresses of her Roman Catholic subjects. This was the last stopping place of Her Majesty until she returned to Buckingham Palace, after having spent three hours in the procession and been greeted by millions of people.

In the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, England gave an object lesson to the world. The representatives from all the great nations of the earth were astonished at the exhibition of personal loyalty and love of the British subjects. From the opening of the Jubilee, till the close of that day of sunshine and brightness, the people never lost sight of their Queen. On the day of the great parade, thousands of them had been waiting for her in the stands since midnight. Never before had there been such a wonderful gathering of mankind. There were troops from every corner of the Queen's dominion. The English people were awed by all this. But



first of all they saw that all was done for their Queen. The troops were massed for her, the flags were waved for her, the illuminations and decorations were all in her honor. In the midst of all they saw only the Queen. The humblest subject in Great Britain felt that the Queen of England was his Queen. The love between Her Majesty and her subjects was a part of Victoria's reign. All those who

have traced her reign will know that she would rather be a true, loving woman than Queen of England. As she loved her children, so she loved her people.

So two jubilees have amazed the world. This jubilee of England, that showed the love of Queen and people; this jubilee of America, that shows the triumph of the war for right, and the glory of peace and liberty.

BESSIE P. BAILEY, '01.

### Incident at Greenville Academy.

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It all started one sultry afternoon when a blackbird went skimming across the school-room and out an open window. The master asked from whose desk it had come. Doyle arose and came forward. The master reached for his cane and proceeded to chastise the offender. Doyle endured it without a murmur, but the boys agreed with him, after school, in saying that it was a mean trick on the part of Ferguson, who really owned the bird, in not getting up and taking the punishment, instead of putting it on some one else. But such a course never entered Ferguson's mind: instead of that, he played another trick on Doyle. With the aid of two other boys, he enticed Doyle into the shed where the cricket goods were stored and locked him in. In all fairness to them, we will say that they intended to release him before locking-up time. But the unforeseen always happens. They behaved so at supper that they were dismissed and sent to their rooms, so Doyle was forgotten.

But to return to Doyle, himself, and see how he is faring. He fully expected to be let out before the supper-bell rung, but when that had rung and no one came, he began to think of effecting an escape. The only possible way of gaining this end was through the single window, which was barred. He exerted all his strength on the bars, but they would not yield. At last he noticed that one of the screws was loose. By cutting around this with his knife he was able to push the bar aside and squeeze through.

But by this time, the locking-up bell had rung. He felt out of sorts with the world in general and this prompted him to do what he did. He would not go and ring the big bell on the door and thereby wake the whole school, whom he would have to face, so he decided to run away. His mother lived in the next town, about twelve miles distant, and here he decided to go. He had been, perhaps, two hours on the road, when he was stopped by a tramp, who inquired the time. Doyle said he didn't know, and started to pass on, but the tramp tried to stop him, although in vain, as Doyle was much the nimbler. About a mile further on he was overtaken by a youth about his own age who said he was going to the same place as the runaway, so they journeyed along together.

About this time Doyle was getting rather tired, so the two found a haystack and curled up for a few hours' rest. After he had been asleep for some time Doyle awoke, and wondered what time it was. He felt for his watch, but it was missing, so also what little money he had in his pocket. The truth flashed upon him when he discovered that his companion was also missing. He had little idea of ever seeing the thief again, but he decided to push on, hoping against hope. When he was about to start on his way he heard someone approaching and he dropped down behind a stone wall to allow them to pass. When they were opposite him, however, they stopped, and one of them lit his pipe. They were talking in low tones, but were



so near that Doyle was able to hear every word they said. From their conversation he gained that they were to rob the Hall owned by Mr. Austin; and that they were to wait at the cross-roads for the "little un," who Doyle inferred was his former companion. If he could pass them at the cross-roads he might be the means of saving the Hall, and if his surmise as to the identity of the "little un" proved correct, of also regaining his stolen property. By making a wide detour of the cross-roads he was able to get past the robbers, and reached the Hall before them, where arrangements were soon made to receive the visitors.

Very soon a slight noise was heard in the pantry, and they knew that the expected company had arrived. When the thieves were just crossing the big kitchen the watchers fell upon them, and after a short struggle two of the vagrants were overpowered and bound. But the third,

a powerful man, had knocked the butler senseless with a blackjack and had his arm raised for another blow at the head of Mr. Austin. Taking in the situation at a glance, Doyle ran and dealt the ruffian a blow behind the ear, thus taking his attention from Mr. Austin. This third one was also now quickly overpowered and tied. A search revealed the watch and money on the "young un," as Doyle had expected. A servant was immediately dispatched to Greenville for the police.

As soon as it was light and the prisoners had been taken care of, Mr. Austin drove Doyle, who had decided to return, back to the Academy. Mr. Austin had an interview with the master, Mr. Taylor, and also addressed the school. As a consequence the boys were given a half holiday in honor of Doyle's pluck, and it is needless to say that he was the hero of the hour.

HARLEY E. CRISP, '01.

### A Senior's Dream.

It all came about one night in the early part of May, after I had been studying hard, and so the dream that followed was a mixture of study and conflicting thoughts, with the usual number of trifling incidentals that make a dream either pleasing or horrifying; this one happened to be startling.

I was ready to go to school just as the living-room clock said twenty-five minutes after eight. Now school began at half after, the last car to take me there from my home left at twenty minutes after, so the only way to solve the problem favorably was to ride on horseback. Not wishing to be late I immediately started on my horse at a good smart trot. Scarcely had I succeeded in urging my horse to its best pace when I met a schoolmate, and leaning over I cried, "You are late, the last car has gone!"

"I know it," she mournfully responded, and something in her abject attitude moved

me to stop and invite her to share my seat. She accepted. All this while she was making the queerest noise, that sounded like a sob, and soon I concluded that it was a French and Latin sob, for the convulsive sigh was composed of French syllables, promiscuously mingled with whole strings of Latin endings, half drowned by the French nasal accents. Then, too, strange, fantastic shapes were flowing quickly from her eyes, but I could make nothing of these, so I begged her to tell me what she was doing. Looking at me in astonishment, she said, taking up one of the strange looking things, "Why these are my tears, my French tears!" And sure enough, now that she had thus aided me, I could see that these were French tears indeed, for they were composed of accent marks, grave and acute, with a mute e mixed with an accented a. Thus, sobbing convulsively, she mounted and took her seat before me; but this didn't



suit her. She said the seat was uncomfortable, so obligingly I offered to slide backward so that she might have the saddle. To this she agreed. But I slid back a little too far, and my equilibrium was disturbed by the movement of the horse, and I found myself holding tightly to the tail. But woe ! the tail began to lengthen into a long, unpronounceable French word, and I, poor thing, frightened by this phenomenon, began also to cry and sob in a French and Latin manner, but still I held on. Was this our last trouble? Alas ! no. My friend happening to glance down toward the ground, saw a dreadful sight. The horse, unused to such a load and such a queer tail found that its ordinary legs

were not sufficient for their designed purposes, so at once there began a wonderful transformation. The legs now became Latin verbs, joined soundly to French nouns, and in fact every word that could be found ordinarily in a French and Latin lexicon were in those awfully strange legs. But these new ones could not do the duty allotted them, so they began to shake and tremble and before we could spring, my friend from the saddle and I from the tail, the legs collapsed entirely, and the next we knew we were gazing with dismal tears at the remains of the word legs, which were floating and flying upward toward the sun.

Is it necessary to say that we were late for school?

### Count Leo Tolstoy.

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Through the medium of the late uprisings in China, and the political and religious disturbances that have shaken the very centre of Russia, an interest has awakened in the minds of all civilized peoples in regard to the customs and inhabitants of that drear, depraved country. Much has been written and much has been said of that despotic government, and tales of the awful cruelties in Siberia have been told and retold; yet the people know next to nothing of all the sufferings that Russia's exiles endure.

Mr. Andrew D. White, our ambassador to Germany, has written a very interesting account of Russia's great literary star, Count Leo Tolstoy, and in it, incidentally gives a vivid and striking description of the social conditions in the ancient city of Moscow. His article opens a new field of thought, and one that is well worth considering. Many other writers might be mentioned who have given us articles of equal interest and authenticity.

Although we are told that humanity is never at a standstill, we are almost tempted to disbelieve that fact when we consider Russia. Year after year passes by and her commercial interests seem always the

same. The same number of dirty beggars slink about the streets of all her cities and towns, no new public buildings are erected, and her inhabitants are sent periodically to work in Siberia's coal fields.

What has Russia with which to redeem herself? Above all the oppression and misery arises one man, a man of great intellectual force, of sturdy character, of philanthropic tendencies; and yet, taking all these things to account, he must necessarily be a man of cramped and crippled ideas. Why? Because he lives in Russia, and Russians mingle freely with no outside nationality, no new ideas are obtained from foreign sources, and even the Russians' own ideas and talk must be moulded in such a way as not to offend or go against the Czar's imperial will. And who is the man who has risen above all the Czar's despotic power? It is Count Leo Tolstoy, a noble by name, but a peasant at heart, at least in his simplicity.

On the very outskirts of Moscow, Tolstoy lives, and here he holds weekly receptions, where a motly crowd of persons assemble and partake of the host's hospitality. There are found foreigners in evening dress, and followers of Tolstoy



clad in peasant costume, and very often one might see Moscow professors, wearing any style of dress that happens to take their eccentric taste. Tolstoy himself, stands tall and straight in the midst of his guests, dressed as a peasant, with his thick hair thrown over his ears on either side, and his eyes sparkling under their shaggy brows.

Strangely enough, Tolstoy's house is divided into two parts; in one his wife entertains with regal extravagance, and in the other Tolstoy receives as a peasant. The apartments of the Countess are indeed sumptuous and are similar in all respects to other handsome salons that one finds in the cities of St. Petersburg and Paris.

Tolstoy's ideas as to the social conditions and elements in America appear to be rather crude and misshapen. He believes that the Shakers have a great influence on American life, taken as a whole, while in reality we fear, there are comparatively few in our country who know anything about the Shakers. Then, too, Tolstoy thinks that the Mormons are exerting considerable influence on the Americans, and in this we are proud to disagree with him. The Mormon religion is superior to many others in Tolstoy's mind, because he says he prefers one which claims to have taken its sacred books from the earth, to one that pretends they were let down from heaven. This idea is rather amusing, and yet it seems somewhat pathetic.

Tolstoy is generous to an extreme. Whenever he goes to walk, his pockets invariably bulge with numerous coins which he scatters to beggars far and near. This fact is well known to the vagrants, and wherever Tolstoy may be walking he is followed by a rabble of lazy, dirty people. Although this free way of giving only tends to increase the number of shiftless people, Tolstoy does not seem able to grasp the fact, and insists on giving money to every one who asks. How much better it would be to use his generous supply of money in establishing means for the beggars to earn their allowance, in this way decreasing their enormous numbers, and

also helping them to have so much more self-respect.

When a Russian once grasps an idea, or perchance leads a thought to a definite conclusion, nothing whatsoever can turn him from his opinion. His inference on a certain subject may be entirely unbalanced and incorrect, but no amount of arguing will ever change his mind. The chief reason for this is easy to see:—The Russian comes to his conclusion with no one's aid; he broods and feeds upon his thought in seclusion, for there is no public body in which discussion is allowed, and there is no free press. Tolstoy is no exception to the above mentioned rule. He is almost fanatic in believing his opinions to be almost invincible. Perhaps one reason for this is, that he has traveled but very little, and has thus lost the rounding out of opinions, which only comes from observing men in all conditions and in many countries.

Tolstoy considers our American literature nothing at all remarkable, although he has read the works of some of our best poets. Emerson, Whittier and Longfellow have received some of his attention, but he has not been careful as to his choice of poems, and in many instances has left unread the masterpieces of our poets. Hawthorne and William L. Garrison he admires, and particularly the latter; Lowell he has read somewhat and also Howell, but the greatest of all American writers he considers to be Adin Ballou, a Massachusetts clergyman, who has written a number of religious and philanthropic articles. In comparison to numerous other writers of American birth, Ballou is known within the confines of his native town and no farther. Then, in regard to our newspapers, Tolstoy thinks them rather shallow affairs. He has drawn his inference from the call of one of our great journalists, who interviewed him in behalf of an American paper, and asked at what time he went to bed and rose and what he ate, therefore he believes that if that is the kind of matter American people like, we are rather feeble-minded. But we have this consolation, if it may be called one, that he regards the European



papers as equally degenerate. As to French authors, he considers that Maupassant heads the list; he also greatly admires Balzac, but Daudet and Zola he considers as almost negatives.

In Russia still lingers that beastly custom of honoring the dead with the distribution of intoxicating liquors, and general merry-making at the bereaved home. We are glad to say that Tolstoy is thoroughly disgusted with this habit, and realizes fully the barbarousness of the custom. May his influence tend to free Russia from this obscene curse!

When will freedom come to Russia? Tolstoy evidently believes that some crisis in the political and religious affairs is near at hand, and that this question of freedom will be decided in some sharp, quick, decisive manner. This is not in harmony with the previous history of Russia, which is full of long up and down hill struggles, actions followed by tedious reactions. It will depend to a great extent upon the attitude of the Russian people at the time when the final blow is struck, whether Russia will be freed quickly or not.

Much has been said concerning Tolstoy's sincerity in regard to the opinions which he has stated to the world, and not only that, many wonder if the man himself is really sincere. We can only judge by the writings of those who know Tolstoy best, and

these uphold that he is the most sincere man alive. Yet it seems strange and unnatural that a man who can at times form such clear and bold conclusions, can at others manage to confuse facts to such a degree that the most incongruous results are derived.

According to Tolstoy a military genius has never and can never exist, as he considers all military victories merely the natural outcome of the existing circumstances. Napoleon was only an ordinary man, aided by good fortune and luck, and in this way he explains all the careers of the noblest warriors earth has ever produced. Tolstoy, indeed, has a very low opinion of Napoleon, to say the least.

Not only in military affairs and personages do we consider his judgment to be incorrect, for he insists on holding that Beethoven, Mozart, Handel and Hayden are below the average in their musical compositions. He believes, also, that Shakespere was a mere scribbler, and that Michael Angelo does not hold one of the first places as sculptor and artist.

Nevertheless, after counting all Tolstoy's great defects, we can only say that Tolstoy's name will be remembered and revered for ages to come, as denoting a man who had generous and noble ideals, who lived a consecrated life, and who stood on the dividing line between old and new Russia.

WINNIFRED THORPE, '01.

### Some Interesting Characters in *Ivanhoe*.

Everyone who reads this famous novel must feel interested in the fortunes of Scott's two beautiful heroines, Rowena and Rebecca. The Lady Rowena is a typical Saxon beauty, as lovely in character as in her personal charms. She is a Saxon princess, a descendant of Alfred the Great; and her guardian, Cedric, thinks that her marriage with Athelstane of Coningsburg, the last scion of Edward the Confessor, will eventually lead to the res-

toration of the Saxon monarchy. Cedric's greatest desire is to see a Saxon again upon the throne of England. To this end he disinherits his only son, Wilfred of Ivanhoe, because the latter loves and wishes to marry his beautiful kinswoman. Rowena, however, has a strong will and refuses to wed Athelstane, remaining true to her banished lover through all the trouble that followed.

A great contrast to the Saxon princess,



is the beautiful Jewess, Rebecca. Like the Lady Rowena, she possesses all the characteristics of her race and is a lady of high rank among her people. If we are to judge of her charms by Scott's description of her at the time of the tournament at Ashby-de-la-Zouche, it does not seem surprising that Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert should love her so passionately. Rebecca has learned the art of healing from the great Jewish sorceress, Miriam, together with many secrets supposed by the early Christians to have been communicated by the Evil One. This learning, however, has helped many sufferers, and Ivanhoe himself has reason to thank the Jewess for her timely aid when he is wounded in the tournament. During the time of his convalescence Rebecca learns to love Wilfred but, knowing of his engagement to Rowena and his hatred for the Jewish religion, conceals her regard for him. Perhaps if Ivanhoe were not engaged to Rowena he might love and marry Rebecca in spite of her religion, for he certainly takes great pleasure in her company and admires her goodness. Moreover, it may be some feeling apart from a sense of justice, which induces him to declare himself her champion when she is accused of sorcery by the Templars. Rebecca has more suffering to endure than Rowena, who is protected by Cedric and loved by all her people. The Jewess is despised on account of her religion, and is unprotected from the persecutions of Brian de Bois-Guilbert. Of course we cannot know how Rowena would act under similar circumstances, but it is doubtful whether she could withstand the Templar's arguments and threats and prefer to die rather than yield to him.

The Lady Rowena's guardian, Cedric, surnamed "The Saxon," because of his hatred for all Norman customs, is a large, muscular man, with fair hair and blue eyes. His ward and Athelstane are the last descendants of two famous Saxon kings, and he thinks that they should join their fortunes and influence to aid their oppressed countrymen. The Saxon's friend, the Thane of Coningsburg, is fonder of ease and good dinners than of Rowena and, if

the other Saxons did not urge him on, would give up all thoughts of trying to become king of England.

Perhaps next to Ivanhoe himself the most interesting man in the story is Richard Coeur-de-lion, the king of England. He is a man of gigantic strength, as is shown in the account of the tournament, and possesses great courage. Although a Norman by birth, he studies the interests of his Saxon subjects and treats them as equals of his own countrymen. Every one knows of his exploits in the Holy Land and of his reckless bravery and daring. Richard is a true knight, always ready to aid those in danger and distress. At the siege of Torquilstone he shows his skill as a leader and his great affection for Wilfred, whom he rescues from the burning castles. He atones for his inactivity at the tournament, which gained him the title of "Le Noir Faineant," by the courageous attack of Front-de-Boeuf's stronghold. His love of justice and hatred of all tyranny are displayed at Rebecca's trial, and his generosity when he pardons his brother John his treachery. Though Richard is rash and unaccustomed to use precaution in undertaking difficult works, we cannot but admire his great strength and valor and his observance of all laws of chivalry.

John of Anjou, the brother of the noble King Richard is in character entirely opposite to his kinswoman. With the help of the French king he is trying to usurp the crown, but is prevented by Richard's escape from his Austrian prison. John is counseled by Waldemar Fitzurse, who is as unscrupulous as he is ambitious, and even attempts to murder his sovereign. In punishment for his treachery he is banished from England forever. John himself, the author of this trouble, is pardoned by his kind and generous brother, while two of his friends, Philip and Albert de Malvoisin are put to death. Maurice de Bracy and his free company, who had helped Prince John in his cause, escape to France and aid the king of that country in his wars with England. DeBracy, although a friend of the degenerate prince, is otherwise honorable, as is shown in his treat-



ment of Ivanhoe at Torquilstone. Another person who plays a prominent part in the story is the Templar, Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert. He is unscrupulous and ambitious, and will do anything to obtain his desires. His treatment of Rebecca is harsh and unchivalrous in the extreme, and his silence at her trial is to be despised, since he might have cleared her easily. His

hatred for Ivanhoe is also unjust and we feel that his singular death is a just retribution.

Of the other characters in "Ivanhoe" there is very little to be said, excepting Robin Hood and his yoemen. Though outlaws to their country they are always friends to the weaker party and honest in their dealings with one another.

KATHARINE BUCKLEY, '02.

### The Beauty of Nature.

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One hears a great deal about the beauty of the mountains, or of some lake at a fashionable resort, but very little of the beauty of our native place, yet when you think of it, there are a great many beauties all around us. Take for instance a warm spring morning, when the sun shines brightly, and the sky, perhaps, is a deep blue, with here and there a white, fleecy cloud sailing lazily along. What is there more pleasant than to stop working and take a stroll in the woods, and see the the leaves bursting forth in all shades of green? The early spring flowers too, come forth in all their splendor, some of them almost before the winter is gone. Hepaticas are almost the first to show their blue pedals above the ground. The wood anemones and violets come next. No one can do full credit to these tiny flowers, some blue, some white, which hide themselves modestly in swamps, woods or meadows.

As soon as the flowers begin to bloom the birds come; robins, bluebirds, swallows and any number of less common ones. These fill the air with such sweet songs and bird-calls that people cannot very well help noticing and admiring them. How plainly it seems to speak of summer when, on waking up some morning, you hear the robins singing their welcome to the day, or a little later, while taking a walk, you see a bluebird perched on a post, pouring out sweet songs from his very soul. I have often wondered if they knew how bright and pretty they look on a post or limb of

an apple tree, their blue coats forming such a pretty contrast to the grey or dark brown of their perch. One appreciates things like this in the spring more than the fall, for the bright birds, flowers and grass are such a change from the greys and browns of winter. For my part, I know it is a great trial to have to go to school and study dry languages and such things, when everything is so beautiful out of doors. These last two years it has been my habit to go out in the woods for a few minutes on fine mornings before I go to school. I go mostly for some violets to take to school, and while I am on my way I say to myself, "I won't pick anything but violets, for anemones wilt so quickly." So I plunge into the woods at the first place that has any resemblance to a path, and the first thing I see is probably some very delicately tinted anemones. Of course I forget all about my resolution and pick them. Then I see some violets, and stick my anemones in my belt to get them out of my way, and pick the violets. Before they are all picked I see another patch of them, and I go to empty that, when perhaps a snake will glide from under my feet. Now whether a snake is one of the beauties of nature, I don't know, but certainly I dislike exceedingly to have one appear under my nose; so when this snake makes an appearance, I jump up, much startled, stop to see which direction my enemy takes, and then—run after him? No, I go to seek my flowers in the opposite direction. This



incident sets me on my guard, and I pick my violets, with one eye alert for any like intruder. Every time I hear a sound I stop and listen, "before, beside, behind," only to find, nine times out of ten, that it was an innocent little bird, or some neighbor's cat. At last I become disgusted and start for home; as I pass some maples in full bloom I break off a cluster of the blossoms, and sticking them in my belt, I discover the poor, forgotten anemones, all withered. As I walk along I am startled by the whistle of the quarter past eight train, which warns me that I should be on my way to school, so I rush home, grab my books and start for school in a hurry. That is usually the time when I most regret having to go to school, but we only have to go about two months after spring really comes, and those pass quickly.

In June comes the rose, the lovely rose, queen of the flowers, with a large train of less popular flowers. We may not appreciate these as much as we ought, nevertheless, it seems to us at the time to be the most beautiful month of the year, especially to the school boys and girls, the last month of school. During vacation almost everyone goes away where they can keep cool, and those few who stay at home are either too busy or too warm to look for beauty in anything. But the beauty is there, just the same. The streets lined with large trees of cool green leaves, the lawns all like velvety green carpets, and the woods and meadows bright with flowers of all shapes, sizes and colors. The orchards of plums, peaches, cherries and smaller fruits are at their best, and there is not a pleasanter spot to spend an afternoon in. One can take a book or some fancy work out there, and choose a good early apple or late cherry tree, and get up on a shady bough and enjoy oneself reading, or working and eating fruit. If you stay late enough you can see the sun set in all his glory. After a hot day in summer how pretty the sky is at sunset, almost all colors of the rainbow.

Summer goes and autumn comes, bringing with it all the late fruits and flowers,

and as it grows colder the leaves begin to turn, and in place of the trees with dark green foliage, we find all shades and tints of red and yellow. It seems as if the leaves were rejoicing because winter is coming and they are going to have a vacation. Such fun as it is to gather nuts, even though you only get a few. The chestnuts are all done up in prickly cases so that eager hands cannot pick them before they are ready to go, and I think it is safe to say very few wish to pick hickory nuts before they are ripe, for they have a very thick outside coat, which is very solid and very hard to get off until it has been dried and hardened by the frost, when it drops off of its own accord. This is nature's kindness to the poor nuts, and though many of us don't think so, I suppose we would have them all picked before they were ripe, and as a result would have no nuts which were fit to eat. At the same time with the nut harvest comes the gathering of the late apples, pears and grapes. It is great fun to climb the apple and pear trees, but I would rather pick the grapes. Such a time as there is, scrambling after the great bunches of luscious fruit, everyone striving for the best bunches, which always grow in the place where it is most difficult to get at them.

But we do not always have bright and sunshiny weather. Some morning you wake up, and think you must have awakened early, it is so dark, but when we come to find out, it is because it is dark outside and the sun is hidden by a heavy cloud; though if you are feeling well this will not make you feel gloomy. You look out and find you can only see objects for a certain distance around you, beyond this everything is a light grey cloud, against which the dark pines that are near stand out almost black, and the outline of those that are farther away become less and less distinct, until they also fade away into the light grey vapor which envelopes all distant objects in its embrace. The trees that have lost their leaves look on a day like this as if they never had any foliage, but were made to set off the pines



and evergreens. On the whole, a day like this makes a pretty picture, if one is inclined to see it.

Too many days like this, however, tire one, and we begin to wish for a change. Well, some day when we are beginning to despair of ever having any other kind of weather, it begins to snow, and snows with a vengeance all day and all night. Then in the morning you wake up and find the sun shining on a new world. All the familiar objects which you saw yesterday morning are gone, or so much changed that you hardly recognize them. The fences and posts are only about half as tall and two or three times as large around as when you last noticed them. The evergreens look as though some one had been standing above them shoveling down great shovelfuls of snow, and had completely loaded them down with it, while the other trees are all outlined in white. As for the houses, the roofs and window frames are made the most prominent parts, because so much snow has gathered there. The sun shining on all this, makes it seem as though the whole earth were loaded with diamonds and other glittering jewels. This does not remain undisturbed long, for before you have fairly had a chance to take it all in, the men and boys come out, armed with shovels, and begin to break a path through the glittering white mass. It makes a very pretty effect to see these passages neatly made in the snow, and the snow that has been shoveled out, carelessly thrown on

either side. Soon sleighs and pungs are seen breaking their way through the streets, and then the boys and girls, well wrapped up, come out with their sleds and make a grand rush for the nearest hill, where their merry shouts can be heard, as they try to coast, frequently getting a tumble into a snow drift.

Another thing which comes in winter is skating. It is a pleasant sight to stand on the edge of a pond where the skaters are enjoying themselves, and see the great sheet of ice, as smooth as glass, except in places where it bears the marks of skates, where the merry couples have glided along gracefully, unconscious of anything except the pleasure of being able to skate. It is a real pleasure, even if you can't skate yourself, to go and watch others skating swiftly and easily, chatting as though they were on dry land. All this pleasure we owe to Mother Nature, because we would have no skating if her servant, Jack Frost, did not know how to change water into solid ice. In the same way, we are really indebted a great deal to Nature for pleasures and pretty sights, which are not by any means necessities of life. The few things I have spoken of are not any where near all the beautiful things, only a few common ones, and the ideas are but poorly expressed, and do not half do justice to the subject, but they serve to bring to mind some of the blessings which we so often take as not counting anything.

FLORENCE FLEWELLING, '03.

### Edmund Burke.

There were many very fine qualities in Burke, and many superior points in his work as an orator and as a statesman. He had a broad mind and looked on all sides of a question, and argued on it from all its points of view; his perception was extraordinarily keen, and he could follow up a subject with regard to all its details, without once losing the thread of his idea. His ideas were original; they came from no statesman before him, and were often

arguments before unthought of by his auditors. He had a lively imagination and could express himself in the best possible language, often employing beautiful figures of speech; he knew his own mind, and had always so studied his subject that he never was forced to change his opinions by some unforeseen difficulty. Burke was generally on the side of the peace-makers; he hated war and confusion, and sought unity. Had his delivery been as fine as



his ideas, he would have had an advantage which was in fact denied him, for his appearance was oftentimes much against him, and hindered the interest of his discourses. Burke had a strong Irish accent, which he never conquered, and an irritable, petulant manner in speaking which, in turn, irritated his listeners. He spoke very rapidly, and his speeches were very long, for he never

could be induced to leave out a single argument on his side. Besides this, he worked his face nervously when he talked and gesticulated awkwardly, thus often placing his appearance in ludicrous contrast to the brilliancy of the words which he was speaking. Notwithstanding these failings, however, he was one of the greatest orators England has ever known.

MABELLE CLARK, '01.

### Oliver Goldsmith.

Oliver Goldsmith was born in Pallas, Longford county, Ireland, Nov. 10, 1728. His first school teacher thought him the dullest boy she had ever met. At school he was the butt of many jokes, but was highly respected by the scholars. He graduated from college in 1749, after being twice expelled, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

He wished to become a priest, but after two years, was rejected by the bishop. His relatives gave him money and started him out, first as a tutor, then as a lawyer, and later as a doctor, but he gambled away all his money and started out for the continent.

He traveled through France and Switzerland, obtaining money, food and lodging by playing on his flute. These adventures he describes in George Primrose's travels, in the Vicar of Wakefield.

He returned to England and, in 1757, really began his literary career. In 1760 wrote the Vicar of Wakefield, which was published two years later, and Chinese Letters. In 1764 he published the Traveller, which was said to be the best poetry of his day. All his money was either spent foolishly or given away, and at his death, April 4, 1774, he is said to have been two thousand pounds in debt.

FRANK M. RATHBONE, '02.

### The Vicar of Wakefield.

Dr. Primrose's family consisted of himself and wife, George, their eldest, two daughters, Olivia and Sophia, Moses, and the two little ones, Dick and Bill. They were a simple, country family, well noted for their hospitality, for no one was ever turned away from the Vicar's door. The Vicar had quite a fortune of his own, which was enough to keep a good home and clothe them all quite stylishly, while his salary was given to the poor people.

Their first misfortune was in losing all their money. The man who had charge of it had disappeared, taking with him all he could lay his hands on. George was to have married a Miss Arabella Wilmot, but

at his loss of fortune the engagement was broken by her father, and George went to London to find work. The family had to give up their house and former wealth and move to another parish, where the Vicar obtained another position.

On their way to their new home they made the acquaintance of a Mr. Burchell, who rescued Sophia from drowning, and after they had been living there a short time their landlord, Squire Thornhill, introduced himself. His manner was so easy and pleasant that they grew to like him and he spent much of his time at their house. Mr. Burchell, too, was a frequent visitor. After a while, Mr. Thornhill



brought two ladies from town and introduced them. They made an effort to take the two girls back to town as companions, but this plan was upset by Mr. Burchell.

The family had long perceived that Mr. Thornhill came to see Olivia, but were very much shocked, one night, to find that she had eloped with him. The Vicar immediately began the search for her, but he was not in good health and was detained for three weeks by a fever. Meantime, rumor had declared that Olivia was with Mr. Burchell. When the Vicar recovered from his illness he again started out, and unexpectedly came upon George in a company of actors. The Vicar had already met Miss Wilmot, who was engaged to the Squire, but seemed to have as much affection for George as in former days. The Squire, of course, denied having had anything to do with Olivia's elopement. He offered a good position in the army to George, who gratefully accepted it, and after this the Doctor started out for a third time, this time to succeed. He found his daughter at an inn, without money, having been abandoned by Mr. Thornhill, and on the point of being turned into the street by the landlady.

He reached home, only to find the house in flames. Nothing of any consequence was saved, but with the help of their neighbors, they began housekeeping again in one of the sheds. Next came a call for the rents. Dr. Primrose was unable to pay them and was taken to jail. He took his family with him, and they did the best they could to support themselves. There

seemed to be nothing but misfortune for them. News was brought to the Vicar that Olivia was dead. She was not dead, but they thought that would be the only way to persuade him to consent to the Squire's marriage, and thus be released from jail. Then Sophia was kidnapped, and just as they were rejoicing in the fact that George, at least, was safe from so much unhappiness, he was brought into the jail in irons and covered with blood.

But they were not always to be so unfortunate: Sophia was brought back by Mr. Burchell, who proved to be Sir William Thornhill, uncle to the Squire; Olivia was brought in, and then George was released. The Squire came in and all his villainy was brought to light. He had enticed Olivia away from home, sent the Doctor to jail, kidnapped Sophia, and sent George to jail. Glad to be released from so great a villain as Mr. Thornhill, Miss Wilmot turned to George, and all were made happy. It was discovered that the marriage between Olivia and the Squire, which the latter thought illegal, was legal in all respects, and Olivia was again made to feel that she was not a disgrace to the family.

The man who took the Vicar's fortune was caught and the money returned. After the marriages of George to Miss Wilmot, and Sophia to Sir William Thornhill, the book draws to its close.

Much of the suffering related in the book is what Goldsmith himself has gone through, and thus we get a better idea of the life of the author.

MARGARET L. MITCHELL, '02.

### Comus.

Two brothers who were once wandering through a dense, wild forest with their young sister, became separated from her. The girl, weary, hungry and lonely, deprived of her companions, and not knowing what path to take, so confusing were the woods, was quite distracted. Her wretchedness was increased when dark night came on and she had no shelter from

prowling animals or marauders of the secluded spot. Poor maiden! All she could do was to stumble blindly on, singing her sweet little songs, with her own chastity for a comforter. At length she had a guide in the distant sound of riot and merriment. It seemed such sounds as shepherds make when they play their flutes and pipes in praise of bounteous Pan.

But alas! the merry-making was of a far different order, and would have brought the "Lady" to a most unhappy fate had not the good Jove seen her plight in time to save her.

For in the midst of this forest there lived a wicked sorcerer, Comus, and his retinue of monsters, half beasts and half men. This Comus was the son of Circe and Bacchus, the former of whom grew to excel in her art. It was his custom to entice all thirsty wayfarers to drink from a crystal glass a charmed liquor, which would change their countenances into those of beasts. Every evening Comus and his rout performed noisy rites to Hecate. It was the noise of these very monsters that the Lady heard, and it was to protect the Lady from becoming like them that Jove sent down from heaven a guardian spirit for her.

When Comus heard the Lady singing as sweetly as a nightingale her song to Echo, he banished his followers, changed himself into the likeness of a swain, and came out to meet her. When the two met, the innocent girl, suspecting nothing, asked Comus if he had seen her two brothers anywhere and, if so, if he would direct her to that place. Comus said he had seen them picking berries by a certain low hill, and as he knew all the wood-paths, he would take her to them; and if the youths were not found, she might lodge safely in his lowly cottage until further search.

Untrue to his promise, Comus brought the Lady to his palace, where amid soft music, delicious dainties and luxury, he offered her the fatal glass. By this time, however, she had lost all faith in Comus, and absolutely refused to drink a drop of the shining liquor.

The Spirit had kept guard over the maiden, and when he saw her being led away sped to where her two brothers were mourn-

ing the loss of their sister. Disguised as shepherd, he approached the brothers and informed them of the Lady's plight. He told them that he once knew a shepherd lad, well skilled in herbs and simples. This lad loved to hear him sing, and in return for his singing gave him a root called Harmony, which possessed magical powers. Now he had found an opportunity for using it; for, if the brothers had a piece of this Harmony about them, they could go to the necromancer's hall, rush upon him with their swords, break the glass, seize his wand and rescue the Lady.

When Comus was trying to persuade the Lady to taste the wine, the brothers dashed in upon him and threw his glass upon the ground, but failed to seize the wand, without which they were powerless to free their sister, who sat as motionless as a statue. Then the guardian spirit, coming upon the scene, remembered a story he had been told about a nymph, Sabrina, who loved maidenhood, and would be willing to aid the Lady in her peril.

The Spirit, accordingly, invited Sabrina's aid in song, and presently she, attended by water nymphs, rose from the water. She sprinkled a charm upon the Lady and moistened her finger-tips and lips, raised her from her seat, and in a moment was gone. Then the happy trio hastened away and reached Ludlow Town, where the Spirit presented the young people to their parents with these words:

"Noble Lord and Lady bright,  
I have brought ye new delight.  
Here behold so goodly grown  
Three fair branches of your own.  
Heaven hath timely tried their youth,  
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,  
And sent them here through hard assays  
With a crown of deathless praise,  
To triumph in victorious dance  
O'er sensual folly and intemperance."

ANNIE E. THACHER, '01.







DEPARTMENT EDITORS—JOSEPHINE WILLETT, PHILIP WALKER.

“Quiet!”

“Just a minute! Please.”

There is a general feeling of gratitude in the school towards all who contributed to the piano fund.

One day the strains of a hurdy-gurdy were heard, and immediately the request from one of the pupils was, “Please, may we have the window raised? It is very warm here.”

Scholar reciting Geometry: “a plus b equals a plus c respectfully.”

S——, '03: “He heard the twinkling of a bell.”

Scholar to teacher: “Has the composition got to be alive?”

Who put the stray cat in Miss W——'s, '02, desk?

W——, '03: “Marmion and Douglas had a row.” (Laughter from the scholars.)  
W——, with innocent expression: “Well, they *did*.”

Freshman grammar: “Is is a preposition.”

A dialogue generally heard at recess:  
“Got something good?”  
Reply: “Just eaten the last one.”

Anyone wishing to study medicine, interview Hypocrates, 1902.

Extract from Chemistry B note book: “I dissolved in ten grams of water ——.”

R——, '02: “A storm set in and the Roman commander set out.”

The class of '02 think that those who do not belong to their class ought to.

C Latin class had a pony for a mascot. (It died.)

Translation in German: “The councils were assembled there for several hundred years.”

Monday morning has been the appointed time for receiving callers during the year.

W——, '03: “He fixed his eyes around him.”

F——, '03: “John Smith married the daughter of Pocahontas.”

Teacher: “What kind of literature did they have at this period of history?”  
Scholar: “Saphire.” (Satire.)

Sophomore grammar: “He done it great.”

Pupil: “He was sailing on a contemptuous sea.” (Tempestuous.)

The boys of the N. H. S. are especially timid during the singing period.

A warning to Freshmen: Do not abuse the minute recesses. To avoid this it will be well to follow the example of Room 1.

Pupil declining poculum: "Poke you—."

W——, '03, wishes to have it stated that he will manufacture paper dolls at a low price. Office hours—8.30 a. m. to 2 p. m.

The thermometer has been up to 120 in Room 1, in extremely cold weather. Who can explain the mystery?

Miss W——, '01, translating French: "I know well what I do not know."

While A—— was talking of the marvelous ideals of the twentieth century as shown in "Looking Backward," Miss T—— asked, "Press a button in your head and learn your lesson?"

C——, '01, translating French: "Se jeta a ses jenoux." "She cast herself at his knees."

Miss G——: "Miss T——, were you at the opening exercises this morning?"

Senior: "Yes, she was; I know, because I punched her."

C——, '01, inattentive.

Miss L——: "You know all about this. C——?"

C——: "Yes'm."

"Then you may—"

C——: "No, no, no, *no*—I don't, *I don't*."

Miss W——, '01, reading Latin: "Machaon ate (et) Menelaus."

"Miss W——, what kind of melancholy is this?" Miss W——, '01: "Well, it isn't a cheerful melancholy."

"Eleven quadrillions—that's all."

"What is a labyrinth, Miss B——?"

Miss B——: "Some kind of a tree."

Everything calm and serene in Room 1. A sudden "Stop!" from the right aisle—Shine innocently studying as usual.

Miss W——, '04: "He applied the convulsions of a shell to his ear."

W——, '02, translating Greek: "Midas caught the Satyr, mixing him with wine."

A graceful dance R—— and B——, '01. It did you credit. Too bad it was interrupted.

Miss W——, '01: "He chased her with his love."

The following parts were assigned by rank for graduation: Isabell Stone, valedictory; Helen de M. Dunn, salutatory; Annie E. Thacher essayist. Helen R. Thompson, Ottalie Low, Lillian F. Wye, essayists; Harold W. Low, prophet; and Winnifred R. Thorpe, historian, were chosen by the class.

Miss L——: "How was the city of Veii captured?"

Miss C——, '04: "They blew it up with dynamite."

C——, '04, reading: "Eyes stern, and blue yellow hair."

S——, '04: "The lion is noted for its docility."

Miss G——: "What letters do we use in Algebra?"

W——, '04: "The letters of the alphabet."

Miss D——: "How long did the Greek kings reign?"

C——, '04: "For life."

Miss D——: "If they were not killed."

H——, '04, advertises "skim" milk cheap.

The hall has a great attraction for Miss A——, '04, while Latin D is reciting.



Officers for the classes during the year 1891:

CLASS A:

President—Helen R. Tompson.  
Vice-President—Frank A. Bean.  
Secretary—Annie E. Thacher.  
Treasurer—Winnifred R. Thorpe.

CLASS B:

President—Harry Shine.  
Vice-President—Margaret L. Mitchell.  
Secretary—Oscar H. Starkweather.  
Treasurer—Frank Rathbone.

CLASS C:

President—Monroe Smith.  
Vice-President—William Gilfoil.  
Secretary and Treasurer—Gertrude Bowes.

CLASS D:

President—Percy Dodge.  
Vice-President—Margaret Alexander.  
Secretary and Treasurer—Nina Aker.

Officers of the Boys' Company for year 1901:

Captain—Frank A. Bean.  
First Lieutenant—Henry S. Rodgers.  
Second Lieutenant—Harley E. Crisp.  
First Sergeant—Harry Beless.  
Second Sergeant—Harold Low.  
Third Sergeant—Frank Peabody.  
Fourth Sergeant—Oscar H. Starkweather.

Harold E. Stanwood, '03, won the one-mile bicycle race at the inter-scholastic meet at Cambridge, the fifth of this month. He is the first boy in the Needham high to win a first prize in these meets.

It seems too bad that our high school company did not turn out on Memorial Day, as expected. Those who saved the Union should be more appreciated.

Ernest A. Wye, '97, graduates from Harvard this year, with the degree of A. M., and Winthrop M. Southworth, '96, from Brown, with Phi Beta Kappa.

A rejected class ode:

Classmates, we have reached the end,  
Our victories are won;  
The hours of study and pleasure,  
Have passed by and gone;  
Our school life at the dear old high  
As a class, is almost done.

But friendship's ties, those precious bonds  
Which bound us heart to heart,  
Will never break, though our different paths  
May lead us far apart;  
Still the thought of parting makes us sad,  
And tears to our eyes will start.

Though we say farewell to our school to-day,  
Our interest will never be less;  
We wish her a long and useful life,  
And always a grand success;  
And as she continues throughout the years,  
May her labors ever be blest.

Now classmates, let us do our best  
To help our high school thrive,  
Let us spread her fame for learning,  
Which will keep the world alive;  
Let us remember our fame is hers,  
And onward and upward strive.

Let us scatter the good she has done us,  
By our lives that are just begun;  
Let us carry it with us on our way,  
Till our work on earth is done.  
As we go forth now to begin that work,  
May God bless Nineteen-one.

BESSIE P. BAILEY, '01.





DEPARTMENT EDITOR — H. FOSS TOMPSON.

We have received very few exchanges this year, probably due to our infrequent publication, but most of those we have received are good.

A very attractive paper, both in its appearance and contents is the High School Bell from San Jose, California. Its stories are good and illustrations unique. It is especially strong in its exchange column.

The Lowell Textile Journal is of special interest to those engaged in the manufacture of textile fabrics. The appearance of the pages would be greatly improved by separating the advertising from the reading matter.

The Imp, from Brighton, Massachusetts, is a wide-awake monthly, and its views are a pleasing feature.

A monthly which stands among the best and most witty of our exchanges, is the Tripod, from Saco, Maine.

“There has been but one Advocate issued this year, but it is so good that it makes up for any lack in production. There is a short essay on ‘Popular Songs,’ which ought to be reprinted in every high school paper as a warning to the ‘coon-song’ fiends. Some of its locals, though, border on silliness.”—[The Imp.

The Atheneum from Orland, California, published monthly by a school of seventeen

scholars, is excellent for the size of the school. The typographical appearance, however, is poor. The paper also needs more stories and a better exchange column.

Prof. : “A fool can ask a question which a wise man cannot answer.”

Student: “Perhaps that’s why so many of us flunk.”—[High School Bell.

Teacher : “What is velocity?”

Bright Youth—“Velocity is what a man puts a hot plate down with.”—[Lowell Textile Journal.

An exchange gives the following idea of the duty of students to their school paper :  
 “He that hath money, and refuseth to subscribe for his high school paper, but rather looketh over his neighbor’s back to behold the contents thereof, is like unto an ass who, having a manger full of straw, nevertheless cribbeth that of his blind companion and then brayeth in brutish glee.”  
 —[The Tripod.

Pupil : “I have only skimmed the lesson over.”

Teacher : “Then give us the cream.”  
 —[The Tripod.

“The dairy maid slowly milked the cow,  
 And wearily paused to mutter,  
 ‘I wish, you brute, you’d turn to milk ;’  
 But the poor thing turned to butt her.”  
 —[High School Bell.



# THE High School Advocate

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY THE

NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:

UNA B. SOUTHWORTH.

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'01.

ANNIE E. THACHER, WINNIFRED R. THORPE,  
JOSEPHINE B. WILLETT.

'02.

MARGARET L. MITCHELL, W. FOSS TOMPSON.

'03.

GRACE MOSELEY.

SUBSCRIPTION EDITORS:

'03.

MONROE SMITH, BRET WAIT.

'04.

PETER HAMILTON, RAY COOK,  
GEORGE SLANEY, WILLIAM ALDEN.

BUSINESS MANAGER:

FRANK A. BEAN.

Please send all exchanges to William Willett,  
Needham, Mass.

Address all business communications to Frank A.  
Bean, Dover, Mass.

GEO. W. SOUTHWORTH, PRINTER CHRONICLE OFFICE, NEEDHAM.

ALTHOUGH Laura A. Harmon, '00, was not a member of the school, but a recent graduate, her death has been deeply felt by us all. We shall always remember her pleasant smile and kindly sympathetic words.

THERE are so few changes in the Directory of the Alumni Association, published in last year's Advocate, we have thought it best not to publish it again this year. In the Alumni Department we have given the occupations and addresses of the members of the classes, '97-'00,

thinking that such facts of later graduates, although nearly the same as last year, would be of interest. Material for this department is scarce; it would be an excellent thing if members of the Alumni would contribute for it in the future, and thus not only benefit the paper, but aid in maintaining their interest in the school.

THE school suffers a severe loss in the resignation of Miss Maria B. Goodwin. Miss Goodwin has been with us for nearly five years, and during that time has intertwined herself very closely with the hearts of her scholars. She has been not only a faithful, impartial teacher to us, but a sincere friend. She has gained the respect, admiration and love of every scholar. By her words she has inspired in many of us better thoughts and higher ideals. She will carry with her the best wishes of every scholar, especially of the graduating class, who have had her as teacher during the whole of their school course.

MISS MARY LAUGHLIN also leaves us. Although she has been with us less than a year, we all regret that she will not return next September. All who have studied with her have enjoyed the year's work.

AS anticipated by the scholars, our year with Mr. Fletcher, who came to us late in the last school year, has been one of pleasure and profit, and the scholars have been led to think more seriously of the necessity of doing their best work in school. The school spirit and attitude have been improved. In former years, these

have been marked by disrespect to teachers, and an unconscientious will to do various things that reflected on the school credit. Although some of this has been seen during the last year, we feel there has been a decided improvement, owing to the influence of our principal. We are glad that the prospect for the under-graduates and the entering class is that Mr. Fletcher will be principal for another year.



THE class of '01 has had two very pleasant parties this year. The first one was in March, when Miss Helen de M. Dunn entertained us very delightfully. Then, on May 20, the class went on a Fishing and Hunting Trip with Mrs. C. A. Marsh, our instructor in music.



WE have attempted to publish but one Advocate this year because, at the beginning of the year, the scholars decided that they could support but one. The school is certainly as large and its abilities as great as when two Advocates were published during the year. We hope this may be done in the coming year. A little push will make it possible.

ALTHOUGH many have willingly contributed for the Advocate, the majority have seemed to feel that in June the Advocate would appear, as a matter of course, whether they assisted or not. But the truth is, the paper needs the hearty co-operation of every scholar. Even if one does not contribute to its contents, one can greatly aid it by adding to the subscription list one's own name and those of one's friends. Those who do not help are the very ones who criticize the paper and the Business Manager if he cannot finish fair and square. Let each one do his part, and in the future the paper will be improved, and the school soon well able to publish it twice a year.



OUR new piano, the fund for which was raised by the united efforts of teachers, scholars and friends, has now been in use for some time. The scholars still appreciate it and the labor that it cost, and put more zeal into the singing, thus raising it to a higher standard.



THIS year marks the beginning of a second decade of our High School Advocate. May it live long and prosper.





## Class Ode.

TUNE — "Auld Lang Syne."

Dear classmates, now the time has come  
When we must say good-bye.  
From Alma Mater we must part,  
New tasks alone to try.  
No matter what the years may bring  
Of things or grave or gay,  
Fond mem'ries of our High School course,  
Will ever with us stay.

Too swift have flown these four short years,  
When we've worked side by side;  
We now embark, a happy band,  
For scenes as yet untried.  
But here we've inspiration gleaned,  
To strive with all our might  
To conquer each opposing wrong,  
Turn always toward the right.

A fond farewell we say to all,—  
To all we hold so dear:  
To teachers, patient, kind and true,  
Whose help was ever near;  
And to our classmates, whom we love,  
And other scholars, too,  
We can but say 'tis with regret  
We bid you all adieu.

Each to our life work now must go,  
Our paths henceforth divide.  
May "God be with us," ev'ry one,  
To ever guard and guide.  
When we life's victories have won,  
When all life's tasks are o'er,  
We'll meet with all we've loved so true  
To say good-bye no more.

HENRY S. RODGERS.

## Class Lines.

*"Maiorum Initia Rerum."*

Bernard Sylvester Abraham was born in Newton Upper Falls, March 28, 1883. He attended the Wade, Elliot and Avery schools, and entered the high school with the class of 1901. The most important event in his life was the day his bicycle ran away with him, resulting in a collision with a team, three days of unconsciousness and eighteen stitches in his head.

///

Carrie Ida Belle Alden was born in Highlandville, June 29, 1883. She attended the Avery school, and entered the high school four years ago. She has led a practically uneventful life.

///

Elizabeth Pearl Bailey was born in Springfield, July 16, 1882. She moved to Needham when still very young, and when nine years old entered the primary school. Although she has had the mumps,

measles, whooping-cough and scarlet fever, she is still alive and bids fair to live to a good old age.

///

Mabel Florence Baker was born in Needham Upper Falls, June 9, 1883. She attended the Elliot school and then entered the high school. When she was three years old she gave her parents quite a fright by suddenly disappearing. As they lived near the river, her mother's first thought was that she was drowned. But after much calling and searching they found her under the bed, fast asleep.

///

Frank Abel Bean made his advent into the world, March 13, 1882, in Dover. He attended the kindergarten in Boston; but since he was eight years old his education, with the exception of one term, has been carried on in the Needham schools. He seemed too modest to relate any of his ad-



Frank A. Bean  
Lillian F. Wye  
Harley E. Crisp  
Harry C. Beless  
Mary C. Falvey

Janet I. Toone  
Grace A. Kennedy  
Una B. Southworth  
Ottolie M. Low  
Carrie Ida B. Alden

Helen de M. Dunn  
Isabelle M. Stone  
Mabel F. Baker  
Helen R. Thompson  
Winnfred R. Thorpe

Bernard S. Abraham  
Elizabeth P. Bailey  
Henry S. Rodgers  
Harold W. Low  
Annie E. Thacher





ventures, but, between you and me, if he keeps on the way he has begun, he will win renown as a foot-ball player.

///

Harry Clinton Beless was born in Highlandville, May 14, 1882. He received his education from the Avery grammar and the high schools. He had a sunstroke once, which nearly cost him his life. He seems to think that is was too bad it didn't. Ministers should not take that view of life.

///

Mabelle Wellman Clark was born in Dresden, Maine, January 11, 1883. She attended school in Everett, then entered the schools in Needham.

///

Harley Eugene Crisp first put in an appearance December 17, 1882, in Highlandville. He, too, attended the Avery and then the high school. He seems to consider his birth the most important event of his life.

///

Helen de Maurice Dunn was born in Marlboro, Mass., April 2, 1884. She moved to Needham at the age of two and one-half, and at five years entered the Kimball school. She entered the high school in 1897. She has led a very quiet life;—but wait until she makes her appearance in the opera.

///

Mary Catherine Falvey was born in Boston, May 28, 1882. At the age of four she moved to Brighton, where she remained until 1895. She moved to Needham in that year and entered the eighth grade of the Kimball school. So far she seems to have led a quiet, uneventful life; however, she may wake up some morning to find herself famous.

///

Grace Alma Kennedy was born in Highlandville, November 15, 1883. She attended the Avery school and entered the high school with the class of "Naughty-one." When she was a baby she developed quite a

fondness for the water. Her brother took her out in a baby-carriage, but he met some of his friends who wanted him to go fishing in Rosemary lake. He went, and left his little sister on the hill near the ice-house. She soon tired of her solitude and started the carriage. Instead of stopping when it got to the edge of the water, the carriage kept right on, baby and all, into the lake. She doesn't say what happened after that—to her brother.

///

Ottolie Marie and Harold William Low were both born in Allston, the former on February 5, 1883, and the latter on July 27, 1884. They attended the schools of Allston and Highlandville, entering the high school in 1897.

///

Henry Shipley Rodgers first showed his smiling face in Needham, October 3, 1882. He has lived in Needham all his life, attending the schools here. Last year he was very ill for several weeks, which kept him from school for some time.

///

Una Blanche Southworth was born in Needham, April 28, 1884. She attended the schools of Needham and she expects to live in Needham all her life.

///

Isabelle Stone was born in Needham, September 19, 1884. For two years she attended school in Natick, but the rest of her education has, so far, been obtained in the Needham schools. Sad to relate, she early evinced a great show of cruelty by robbing the rooster of his tail-feathers for the purpose of trimming her hat.

///

Annie Eveleth Thacher is the name that was given to an eight-pound baby who appeared one morning in Augusta, Maine. At the early age of three years she attended kindergarten and dancing school. When but five and one-half years old she moved to Santa Barbara, California. She stayed there some years and then came to Need-



ham. She is about to make another trip across the continent—Salt Lake City being her destination.

///

A certain diminutive specimen of humanity, who appeared January 13, 1885, in Highlandville, was named Winnifred Rosamond Thorpe. She attended the Avery grammar school and entered the high school with the class of "Naughty-one."

///

Helen Reade Tompson was born in Lunenburg, Massachusetts, November 17, 1883. After having attended the schools of Danvers, Wakefield, Winthrop, West Boylston and Whitinsville, she entered the ninth grade of the Avery school. When she was but two and a half years old, she one day greatly alarmed her parents by trying to commit suicide with paris-green.

///

Janet Ida Toone was born in Highlandville, February 24, 1886. She attended the Avery grammar school and entered the

high school with the class of 1901. She leaves the school as the youngest member of her class.

///

Josephine Buckingham Willett was born in Hyde Park, April 16, 1884. She attended the Grew school, of Hyde Park, for two years, then she came to Needham and entered the Kimball grammar. When she was two and a half years old she was attacked by a rooster, which was very anxious to investigate her eye. However, she received no severe injury and her eyesight is still very good.

///

Lillian Florence Wye came into this world February 23, 1884, in Leicester, England. When one and one-half years old she crossed the broad Atlantic to settle in Needham. She entered the Dwight school at five years of age, and at seven entered the Kimball school. In 1897 she entered the high school. As yet she has not surprised the world with any great achievements, but one can never tell what may happen.



## The Alumni Association.

---

1897.

Bertha G. Colburn is teaching school in Pinsi, Penn. Mabel H. Ellis is teaching in Mansfield, Mass. Bessie deLesdernier is living at her home in Needham. Elizabeth Fitzgerald is a stenographer, Needham. Alida E. Riley is a stenographer, Needham. Roy C. Southworth is at Harvard college, Cambridge, Mass. Lewis C. Tuttle is in Pasadena, Cal. Ernest A. Wye graduates from Harvard college this June.

1898.

Isabelle Boyd is living at her home in Needham. Florence E. Crossman is studying music, Needham. Amy L. de Lesdernier is at her home in Needham. Adah G. Fuller is a stenographer, Needham. Annie Mitchell is married. Walter P. R. Pember is at the Institute of Technology, Boston, Mass. Ethel M. Willett is a cooking teacher, Needham.

1899.

Lulu M. Bailey is at her home in Needham. Roscoe A. Carter is at Brown University, Providence, R. I. Fred L. Carter,

Jr., is at Harvard college, Cambridge, Mass. Catherine W. Clark is at her home in Needham. Hannah R. Colburn is married. Thomas J. Falvey is a shipper at Carter, Rice & Co.'s, Boston. Helen C. Peabody is at Radcliffe college, Cambridge, Mass. Clarence A. Rathbone is a stenographer, Needham. Walter H. Thacher is at Harvard college, Cambridge, Mass. Edith F. Tuck is a milliner, Needham. Ella Tuttle is at Wellesley college, Wellesley, Mass. Elsie F. Wait is a stenographer, Needham. Percy E. Wye is a bookkeeper, Needham.

1900.

Pauline D. Berthold is in normal school, Needham. Laura I. Blackman is at her home in Needham. Josephine H. Fernald is living at her home in Needham. Lydia A. Higgins is studying music, Dover, Mass. Alpha F. Leonard is at Brown University, Providence, R. I. Helen M. Stevens is at school, Needham. Gladys E. Wait is a stenographer, Needham. Arthur H. Whetton is at Exeter academy, Exeter, N. H. Laura G. Willgoose is at Radcliffe college, Cambridge, Mass.





## CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CLASS OF 1901.

COMPILED BY MARGARET L. MITCHELL.

Name.	Weight.	Height.	Date of Birth.	Religious Preference.	Character.	Cast of Countenance.
Bernard S. Abraham	156	5 ft. 9	March 28, 1883	Catholic	Lazy	Indifferent
Carrie Ida Belle Alden	140	5 ft. 4	June 29, 1883	Methodist	Energetic	Self-satisfied
Elizabeth P. Bailey	101	4 ft. 11	July 16, 1882	Orthodox	Pessimistic	Demure
Mabel F. Baker	127	5 ft. 4	June 9, 1883	Methodist	Friendly to all mankind	Bewitching
Frank A. Bean	170	5 ft. 4	March 13, 1882	Unitarian	A flirt	Innocent (?)
Harry C. Beless	150	5 ft. 8	May 14, 1882	Unitarian	Always ready for a good time	Jolly
Mabelle W. Clark	104	5 ft. 7	January 11, 1883	Episcopal	Retiring	Sober
Harley E. Crisp	139	5 ft. 8	December 17, 1882	Methodist	Affable	Very open
Helen de M. Dunn	116	5 ft. 3	April 2, 1884	Unitarian	Modest	Sunny
Mary C. Falvey	105	5 ft. 2	May 28, 1882	Catholic	Soft hearted	Placid
Grace A. Kennedy	98	5 ft. 1	November 15, 1883	Methodist	Lively	Merry
Harold W. Low	140	5 ft. 7	July 27, 1884	Baptist	Impulsive	Wondering
Ottolie M. Low	129	5 ft. 2	February 5, 1883	Baptist	Always busy	Attentive
Henry S. Rodgers	130	5 ft. 4	October 3, 1882	Unitarian	Teaser	Quizzical
Una B. Southworth	112	5 ft. 2	April 28, 1884	Baptist	Diligent	Calm
Isabelle Stone	130	5 ft. 5	September 19, 1884	Orthodox	Studious	Stern
Annie E. Thacher	99	5 ft. 2	August 17, 1883	Unitarian	Independent	Very superior
Winnifred R. Thorpe	120	5 ft. 8	January 13, 1885	Methodist	Witty	Mischievous
Helen R. Tompson	133	5 ft. 9	November 17, 1883	Methodist	Very proper	Sedate
Janet I. Toone	122	5 ft. 7	February 24, 1886	Methodist	Rather quiet	Serene
Josephine B. Willett	114	5 ft. 5	April 16, 1884	Orthodox	Jolly good fun	Smiling
Lillian Wye	126	5 ft. 2	February 23, 1884	Unitarian	A great mimic	Nun-like (?)

## CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CLASS OF 1901 — Continued.

Name.	Opinion of Opposite Sex.	Favorite Employment.	Future Occupation.	Politics.	Nickname.
Bernard S. Abraham	A few are all right	Nothing	Undecided	Bryanite	Shunker
Carrie Ida Belle Alden	They're all right	Enjoying life	Nurse	Republican	Hasn't any
Elizabeth P. Bailey	"Words fail me"	Rummaging in the attic	Hasn't any idea	For the side that wins	Spook
Mabel F. Baker	Pretty good	Sewing	Undecided	Republican	Hasn't any
Frank A. Bean	Some of 'em will pass	Can't decide	Naval constructor	Bryanite	Beany
Harry C. Beless	Good enough to jolly	Laughing	Minister	Republican	Hasn't any
Mabelle W. Clark	Very good, if they know their place	Planting flowers	Music teacher	Republican	Has none
Harley E. Crisp	Hasn't any opinion	Strolling by moonlight	Undecided	Republican	Deac.
Helen de M. Dunn	Ain't worth an opinion	Reading	Opera singer	Mugwump	Has none
Mary C. Falvey	Oh, they'll do	Watching foot ball games	Undecided	Mugwump	Mane
Grace A. Kennedy	Just depends on who it is	Enjoying herself	Undecided	Rupublican	Gay-Gay
Harold W. Low	Perfect dreams	Raising Ned	Contractor	Rupublican	Dutchy
Ottolie M. Low	Changes with circumstances	Canoeing	Undecided	Mugwump	Ott
Henry S. Rodgers	Some of them are lovely	Doing nothing	Merchant	Democrat	Swipes
Una B. Southworth	Doesn't know	Reading	Undecided	Republican	Una Bee
Isabelle Stone	"Oh, gracious!"	Doing Greek	College professor	Republican	Stony
Annie E. Thacher	Decidedly inconsistent	Scolding	Ranching	Republican	Nan, Anne
Winnifred R. Thorpe	All right in their place	Thinking (?)	Doctor	Republican	Winnie
Helen R. Thompson	"Really, they make me tired"	Eating maple sugar	Teacher of gymnastics	"Prohib"	Tommy
Janet I. Toone	Not good for much	Reading	Pharmacist	Republican	Nettie
Josephine B. Willett	Decidedly slow	Attending clubs	Undecided	Republican	Joe
Lillian Wye	Too conceited	Making candy	Home comfort (?)	Republican	Lill



# In Memoriam

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*"They have begun a higher school,  
While we life's burdens bear,  
And wait the dawning that shall call  
To glad reunion there."*

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**Lewis N. Harmon, '88**

DIED FEBRUARY 12, 1901

✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

**Laura A. Harmon, '00**

DIED MARCH 10, 1901

# J. A. Sullivan

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